

Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #72

() - ()
11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.D.S.T.

JULY 21, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET:

ANNOUNCER: Our National Forests, altogether, include an area larger than all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana combined - one hundred and forty-eight great public forests dedicated to the use of enjoyment of the people of the United States. Within this vast domain are lakes, rivers, mountains peaks and meadows, cattle and sheep ranges, wilderness areas, glaciers, virgin timber, and young growing forests. National Forest lands are administered with the policy always in mind of putting the land to its best use. Hence, timber-growing, watershed protection, livestock grazing, waterpower development, protection of fish and game, and recreation, are only a few of the many uses to which the National Forests are put, under appropriate regulations of the United States Forest Service, which is charged with their administration. The National Forests are yours to enjoy, but along with their enjoyment goes the duty of protecting them.

Each week at this time we have a look-in on the Pine Cone National Forest District where Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, are in charge. Let's see what's going on at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today. Here they are, with Mrs. Robbins at the breakfast table --

BESS: Some more coffee, Jerry?

JERRY: Is there still some left in the pot?

BESS: Yes - a little, I think.

JERRY: All right. I might as well finish it up. -- Ho hum. This'd sure be a swell day to go fishing.

JIM: Huh? Where'd you get that wild idea?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Oh, I didn't really mean that. -- I was just thinking --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, you'd better not think too much along that line -- right in the busiest part of the field season, young fellow. We've got a heavy day's work cut out for us today.

JERRY: Range inspection?

JIM: Yep. -- In fact, I think we'd better take the bed rolls along and make a two-day trip out of it. We can look over some of that trail construction work on the way back.

JERRY: Okay. Suits me.

(PHONE RINGS)

BESS: There's the phone, Jim. Want me to answer it?

JIM: I'll get it, Bess. You go ahead and finish your breakfast. -- (TO PHONE) Pine Cone Ranger Station, Jim Robbins speaking -- Yeah, Ernie. -- Okay, Ernie. -- Who wants to speak to me? -- Uncle Jake? -- All right. -- Hello, Uncle Jake, how's everything with you? --

Who've you got in tow this time? -- Reverend James Singleton, eh? Pilotin' a sky pilot around, eh?

(CHUCKLES) Better look out, Uncle, he'll be savin' that ornery old soul of yours yet. -- Yep, I reckon we'll be up that way. -- All right, Uncle Jake, maybe we can. -- So long. (HANGS UP PHONE)

BESS: Was that Uncle Jake?

JIM: Yes.

JERRY: Uncle Jake?

JIM: Yes. He's the old timer that picks up a living acting as a guide to camping parties going into the back country in these parts.

JERRY: Oh, yes, I know him.

BESS: I meant to tell you, Jim, that he stopped in here at the Station yesterday when you were out. He had a preacher with him that he said wanted to meet the ranger.

JIM: Yes, that's what he said. He was calling from Ernie Knight's guard station. He says he's going to make camp up in the North Fork tonight and thought maybe if we were going to be up that way we could stop by.

JERRY: We are going up that way, aren't we?

JIM: Yep. -- So the parson wants to meet me, eh? (CHUCKLES) Wonder if he figures I need preachin' to.

BESS: I guess it wouldn't do you any harm.

JIM: Huh? (CHUCKLES) -- Well, anyway, if old Uncle Jake has a preacher in tow, I sure hope he uses a little more gentle language on those pack mules of his than he usually does.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Yeah. So do I.

JIM: Well, Jerry -- all set?

JERRY: Yeah -- soon as I get a little stuff together. (GOING OFF) It'll only take a minute.

JIM: Wait a minute, son --

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Huh?

JIM: Weren't you saying something about fishing, a few minutes ago?

JERRY: (UP) Yeah -- I didn't really mean it, though. I was just thinking about that big boy under the rock.

JIM: Well, maybe you'd better take that fishing rod of yours along, son. You can't tell -- we might have time to hook out one or two this evening for supper.

JERRY: Oh Boy! A crisp brown trout for supper.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING ALONG TRAIL; CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: Giddap, Spark. -- Say, Jim, we covered a lot of ground today, didn't we?

JIM: Yep. Did pretty well.

JERRY: The range looks pretty good, doesn't it?

JIM: Yep. It shows what controlled grazing can do.

JERRY: We sure did right when we cut down the number of cattle in the High Park area. You can see the improvement in the range already.

JIM: Yep. The grass was pretty short in there by this time last year.

JERRY: Yeah. Seems to me the boggy ground above the spring isn't trampled so bad this year.

JIM: Uh huh. -- Giddap, Dolly.

JERRY: Say -- where we going to bed down tonight, Jim?

JIM: I reckon there's plenty of room under the sky.

JERRY: That's true enough. It'll be dark before long now.

JIM: Yep. -- There's a camp fire up ahead there, Jerry..

I s'pect that's Uncle Jake's and the parson's camp.

JERRY: Most likely.

JIM: (CLUCKS TO HORSE) Giddap, old girl. -- (CALLS)

Hi there.

JAKE: (OFF) Hi.

JIM: (CALLS) That you, Uncle Jake?

JAKE: (OFF) Yes sir. - Howdy, Ranger. Glad to see yuh.

JIM: Whoa, Dolly.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark.

(HORSES STOP)

JIM: (GRUNTING IN DISMOUNTING) All right, Dolly, old girl.

- Well, Uncle Jake, and how are you this evening?

JAKE: (UP) Jest fine, Mr. Ranger. Jest fine. An' you?

JIM: Oh, I'm all right, Uncle. (CHUCKLES) I have to keep

all right - so's to watch and see that folks like you

don't let their camp fires get away from 'em and burn

up our woods or something.

JAKE: Is that so, Mr. Ranger? Is that so? Lissen here,

Mr. Ranger. It ain't us old timers that starts

forest fires. No siree. It's them tenderfeet an'

sech.

JIM: So that's it, eh?

JAKE: Yes siree. -- Confound it, yure jokin', beint yuh?

I never started no fire an' you knows it.

JIM: Sure I do, old man. I thought you knew me well

enough to stand a little teasing.

JAKE: Nobody kin say Uncle Jake ever caused no forest fire -- an' I been roamin' these hills ever since I was a pup.

JIM: Uncle Jake, if you knew how much the Forest Service trusts such old timers as you, you'd feel pretty good. We can always count on you fellows.

JAKE: Sure. An' I'm always teachin' the folks I wrangle for 'bout the dangers you fellers're up against. -- Mr. Ranger, I want yuh to meet my preacher friend. Reverend Singleton, shake hands with my friend Ranger Jim Robbins.

JIM: How do you do sir?

PREACHER: I'm glad to have the pleasure of meeting you, Ranger.

JAKE: An' this here's Ranger Jim's young pardner -- Jerry's what they calls you, ain't it?

JERRY: Yes, Jerry Quick is the name, sir.

PREACHER: Glad to meet you, indeed, Mr. Quick. What's that you have there -- fish?

JERRY: Yes sir. -- Look at this.

PREACHER: My, isn't that a beauty!

JERRY: Isn't it! I'm pretty proud of that. -- You see, we only had time for about a half hour of fishing this evening, but I had pretty good luck. I put one over on Jim here this time. I got three, and he didn't get a bite.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) · Yep. He showed up his old pardner this time.

JAKE: The parson's from the prairie country, Mr. Ranger. It's his first trip in any National Forest, an' I'm breakin' him in.

JIM: I see. I hope you'll like our Forest. And I know you will because you have one of the best guides you could get. Uncle Jake here knows every nook and corner and ever trail and lake in this district, - and he ain't such a bad cook, either.

PREACHER: I know. We were about to sit down for supper, by the way. Would you join us?

JAKE: Sure. We're fixin' to have supper directly.

JIM: Well now, maybe we might. Maybe Jerry here would consent to puttin' those handsome fish of his in the pan, so the parson can have a taste of mountain trout, although (CHUCKLING) I s'pect Jerry was planning to have 'em stuffed and hung up over the mantle-piece.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Oh no, nothing like that. Jim's just sore 'cause he didn't catch any. -- Here, Uncle Jake -- here they are.

JAKE: Yes sir, I'll clean 'em right pronto. Purty nice fish at that. They's two rainbows and a speckle. Reckon that big rainbow will go two pounds and a half. (GOING OFF) Wall, I'll shore fix 'em up tasty.

PREACHER: Sit down here by the fire, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Thank you.

PREACHER: And you too, Mr. Quick.

JERRY: Thanks, but I think I'd better take care of the horses. I'll join you in a few minutes (GOING OFF)

PREACHER: I've been very anxious to meet you, Mr. Robbins. I was told before I came up here that you Rangers were the kind of men it does one good to meet.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well now -- my wife was just tellin' me this morning that it wouldn't do me any harm to meet a parson, either.

PREACHER: (LAUGHS) Well - sitting by the fire here -- far up in these mountains - there's something about it that makes us want to learn to like each other - and we know we will.

JIM: Yep. That's right, parson.

PREACHER: Uncle Jake has been telling me the history of this remarkable forest. How long ago the Indians made this section their hunting grounds, and how later men came here and fought each other in their greed and left devastation in their path, and how the Forest Service, which you represent, brought order and protection to this wonderful country and is preserving it for the benefit of us all.

JIM: That's right, parson. It's our job to protect and preserve these hills with their natural beauty and their useful resources - the growing trees, and open ranges, and the wild life, and the streams - for the good of all.

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

Good of all

PREACHER: And there's another thing that perhaps some of the members of your profession overlook. A something that Uncle Jake and I were talking about only last evening. -- As a minister, I'm not worried about old Uncle Jake's soul, (CHUCKLING) in spite of the way he talks to his mules, - for in my mind, anyone who loves nature also loves the Creator. -- Uncle Jake had taken me over to a ledge - I believe you folks call it "Land's End." He and I stood side by side, looking out over that vast space. A setting sun was bathing in a riot of colorful glory, and we stood there not as guide and minister, but as two persons who learned that we both belonged to a human brotherhood. The minutes rushed past, and not a word was spoken. After sunset, as darkness threw its mantle over the scene, it seemed as if a myriad of stars had burst forth. It was the lights of a city - far off, in the valley. I put my arm over his shoulder and said: "Uncle Jake, I want you to cut out that word Parson. Don't you see, man, that your mountains in all their wonderful majesty make all men kin. Before Nature, all men are equal. This is indeed a man's country, where the environment are clean and undefiled. Up here in your wonderful mountains I want to praise the Creator as I never praised Him before."

JIM: I'm followin' you, Parson.

PREACHER: Well, I guess Uncle Jake understood, for he said: "Them's my sentiments. That's the way I feel, and from now on my hills are your hills and my people are your people, and all of 'em together is going to make you welcome." - Then I told him: "Uncle Jake," I said, "our modern life makes us a nation of selfish people, a people of greed, a dissatisfied people. Why, down there where those city lights are shining, there are people who lie awake nights, rolling restlessly night after night, thinking, thinking, thinking. Nerves, nerves, and nerves. It's different up here in your forest. As I stand on this pinnacle, my heart fills, fills with my people's tales of woe, their tales of misunderstandings, and of helplessness. In your hills, there is little of this, and when tragedy does occur, Nature quickly removes all traces, and when morning comes it finds your hills clean." - Mr. Ranger, since I've come here, I've begun to understand many things that I failed to understand before. Thoughts have been planted in my mind and heart showing me how in the future I can be of more service to my fellow man. Why, Mr. Ranger, your National Forest is indeed an altar. The air of your Forest is undefiled; it's trails lead upward; and it's close to heaven.

UNCLE JAKE: (COMING UP) There, Mr. Ranger, now take that, gol durn ya. I been a-listenin' from over yonder, and that's just what I been a-wantin' - some feller to tell yuh jest what I thinks of these yere hills. A feller that loves 'em ain't askin' anybuddy to give 'em advice as to how to save 'em. Them that loves 'em as the parson here does ain't a-goin' to need much warnin' how to preserve 'em.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's right, Uncle Jake. If everybody loved our Forest as you fellows do, protecting it would be a simple matter.

PREACHER: Well, I've tried to tell how I feel about it. Perhaps I've given you a thought that hasn't occurred to you Rangers.

JIM: Yes it has, Parson. We Rangers feel that way, too. We know that our forestshave intangible and inspirational values that are hard to define, but real, just the same. You can't see 'em but you can feel 'em. - And I'm indebted to you, Parsons, for putting these thoughts into words. I wish you could give that little sermon again, Parson, so the whole world could hear.

PREACHER: I shall, Ranger - if I can.

JIM: It's men like you, seeing and appreciating our efforts to protect our forests and make them better, that give us courage to carry on.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks - we leave our friends here, where the flickering flames of the campfire, far up in the forest, draw men close together.

One of our listeners, Mr. Jesse Glassford, formerly mayor of Grand Junction, Colorado, has given us this little story with a poem of his. We'd like to pass on at least a part of it to you. Here it is:

I want to go, like the birds, - take flight;
Back to the mountains with their quiet night.
I want the kiss of the morning's breeze,
To hear the swish of the swaying trees;
To watch the sun, like a hand divine
Color the peaks above timber line.

"Away from the world with it's discontent,
I would fly to the crest of the continent,
Where God and Nature have their way;
To watch the rivulets bubble and play.
I would stand alone in the moonlit nights
Tracing the sky lines on distant heights.
See each crag like a golden tower
Flooded with light by an unknown power.
Up there where the echoes of Nature ring,
I would dwell in the mountains of God, a King."

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

